

Blue by theystayalive

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Summary:

Jonathan Byers has always liked Nancy Wheeler in blue.

Blue

Nancy Wheeler had always looked good in blue. Jonathan's fashion expertise was all but non-existent but he knew enough to know that blue was his favorite color she wore.

Maybe it was how it made her eyes look almost clear. Like seaglass. Or maybe it had something to do with her skin tone. But most likely it was probably the fact that the first time he had ever seen her was when she was in blue. In sixth grade.

It had been the first day of seventh grade and Jonathan had not been particularly excited about going. In fact, his mother had to all but drag him out the door by his ears to get him ready and to the bus stop on time. <

By fourth grade, Jonathan and his peers were finally beginning to be able to distinguish what bullying was and what sort of kids were most likely to become targets. It didn't take much deducing on his part to realize that by the age of about nine, he was most certainly what people would call a target. Scrawny, weird, and reserved, the kids had singled him out in no time, and when they learned that he was also too quiet to fight back, it only got worse.

Sixth grade had been bad enough, but this was middle school now, which meant that the lonely, reserved, scrawny target was about to be thrown head first into a whole new place with a whole new set of archers.

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Jonathan begrudgingly settled himself into the seat that Mrs. Marlow had pointed him to when he walked in and gave her his name. Without wasting any time at all, he pulled out the small, creased paperback he was reading on amateur photography. Chapters he found important or particularly interesting were bookmarked with Polaroids his mom and dad had let him take on his mother's new camera, and though he had been given strict orders from Joyce Byers not to take the photographs to school with him, he had been far too proud of them to let them simply sit on his desk. Photography was a

new interest he had taken up. As someone who was not exceptionally good at reading and reacting quickly to situations in the moment, Jonathan had found a sort of comfort in the permanency of photographs. He loved how there was nothing unexpected or unpredictable about them; how he could stare at one moment for as long as he wanted and not a single thing about it would change. For example, he could focus on the way his mom and dad smiled back at him in a picture instead of the way their shouts carried through the hallway and under the crack in his bedroom door.

He was just finishing up a section explaining what aperture was and how to one should properly adjust it when she had walked in. If the bright blue of her dress had not caught his eye, he most likely would have missed her entering the room, but when he saw the flash of color out of the corner of his eye, he raised his head to get a better look. His breath caught briefly in his throat.

Most boys Jonathan's age had already caught on to the fact that girls did not, in fact, have cooties, about a year or so earlier. Kids in his class had started "going with" each other around the fifth grade, but Jonathan hadn't exactly understood the appeal. To him, girls were just beings that he sort of coexisted with and had no real interest in figuring out or becoming acquainted with. Until now. She was tiny, much shorter than the other girls walking in behind her. As she stepped in the room, her clear green eyes quickly flitted over the room, silently studying, calculating, taking in everything as quickly as possible. But not in a cold or judgemental way; it was the sort of observance that you can only find in a person who genuinely finds interest in the smallest of details. She entered the room without making much noise, not demanding any sort of attention to be drawn to herself. But something about the way her eyes moved, or the way she smiled at the teacher when asked for her name made everyone turn their eyes to the girl in the blue dress. Jonathan watched as the boys in the room sat themselves up a bit taller, and the girls smile in her direction despite themselves. The air around her seemed to vibrate with a sort of warmth and comfort that for some reason made him want to keep looking at her.

The girl walked right up to the teacher's desk with the same soft and comforting smile on her lips, "Nancy Wheeler". Jonathan's heart sped

up into his throat when Mrs. Marlow pointed Nancy Wheeler to the empty chair right next to his. He watched as she nodded and made her way down the aisle to the desk, carefully placing her books on the flat surface and sliding in.

Her eyes suddenly met Jonathan's and he felt his cheeks flush as he snapped his head back to the page, pretending he had been reading and not staring like an idiot.

He felt her eyes studying him for a moment before she leaned over and looked at his book. "What are you reading?" she asked. For some reason, Jonathan could not make his mouth open to reply to her. "Photography, huh?" she asked before his lack of response could turn the interaction into an awkward one, "Seems interesting. Wow, did you take this?" her hand flew out and snatched up the Polaroid marking his page before he even realized what was happening. It was a picture he had snapped a few days before of his little brother and his dog. Will was frozen mid laugh, his eyes squeezed shut as the dog licked his cheek.

"This is really good, I'm serious". He knew she was. There was not a single ounce of insincerity in her voice.

"Thanks," Jonathan managed to squeeze out under his breath. He wanted to say more, but it was literally as if someone had punched him in the gut and left him completely breathless and unable to function like a normal person.

"Is this your little brother?" she asked, pointing to Will.

He nodded.

"That's cool. I have a little brother too," she handed him back the photo and flashed him her heartstopping smile, "You really have a knack for capturing the moment, huh?"

Jonathan only had time to smile back before the teacher stood and began introducing herself to the class. But that didn't stop him from stealing glances at the girl next to him, who sat completely fixated on the lesson.

And now, sitting next to her on her bed, laughing at the fact that her mother didn't know how to knock, his hand still feeling like someone had shocked it even after he had let go of hers, her eyes smiling, and her hair pushed behind her ear, Jonathan Byers would have given anything to have his camera with him to capture this moment.